AMERICAN COMICS GROUP AICG

DARING the SUPERNATURAL

AMERICAN COMICS GROUP AICG

No 5, OCT.-NOV.

OUT OF the NIGHT

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The ZOMBIE'S REVENGE

THROUGH THE GHOSTLY STILLNESS, A GRUESOME SHAPE CREEPS NEAR! AND IN THE HOUSE, THE SMILING DINERS SIT, BLIND TO THE GHASTLY SPECTRE THAT STALKS THEM IN THE NIGHT, THE ICY HAND WHICH REACHES FROM ANOTHER WORLD TO MARK ONE OF THEIR NUMBER FOR.. **THE ZOMBIE'S REVENGE!**

OWOOOOOO

WHATEVER IS THAT DOG HOWLING ABOUT?

SINCE YOU'RE TO BE ONE OF THE FAMILY, TOM, YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT OUR FAMILY SKELETON! I HAVE A TWIN BROTHER, ARMAND, A BLACK SHEEP OF THE VILEST SORT! TODAY I RECEIVED WORD THAT HE'S BEEN HUNG FOR MURDER IN HAITI!

IT'S MARIE I'M MARRYING, MR. DUPREZ -- NOT YOUR FAMILY SKELETON! -- HOLY SMOKE, THAT DOG SOUNDS **TERRIFIED!**

OWOOOOOO!

AS THE COWERING DOG HOWLS A TERRIFIED WARNING, THE GHASTLY FIGURE TURNS ON IT WITH UNHURRIED MALICE, AND...

MEDDLING BEAST!

YIPE!

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THEN, AT THE SOUND OF HUMAN FOOTSTEPS, THE GRISLY VISITOR TAKES REFUGE IN THE MURKY SHADOWS!

MON DIEU! IT.. IT CANNOT BE!

IT'S INCREDIBLE... REX HAS FOUGHT MOUNTAIN LIONS! YET SOMETHING HAS SNAPPED HIS NECK LIKE A TWIG!

DID YOU SEE ANYTHING, LUCIEN?

NOTHING, MONSIEUR! WHAT THESE OLD EYES THOUGHT THEY SAW, NONE WOULD BELIEVE!

BUT LUCIEN'S SILENCE REAPED A GRIM REWARD! THAT NIGHT, IN THE OLD GARDENER'S HUT...

MY MIND IS MADE UP... EVEN THOUGH THEY THINK ME CRAZY, I MUST TELL THEM WHAT I SAW!

TOO LATE, OLD LUCIEN!

I WAS RIGHT! I... ARGHH!

FOOL! YOU.. REMEMBER .. TOO MUCH!

AN INHUMAN LAUGH MOCKS THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT! THE GHASTLY FORM VANISHES INTO THE SHADOWS.., LEAVING THE AIR BEHIND HIM HEAVY WITH THE TAINTED ODOR OF DEATH AND EVIL!

HA-HA HA-HA-HA!

DAYLIGHT LAID BARE THE FIENDISH CRIME .. AND SLOWLY THE CLAMMY FINGERS OF RISING TERROR GRIPPED THE DUPREZ FAMILY!

IT'S INSANE! WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO KILL A HARMLESS, DEAF OLD MAN?

IT'S COMMON KNOWLEDGE THAT WE KEEP NO MONEY OR VALUABLES ON THE ESTATE... THIS IS THE WORK OF A MANIAC!

AND NOT A CLUE! ONLY THAT HORRIBLE, MUSTY ODOR, AND A SHRED OF NONDESCRIPT CLOTH!

I DON'T AGREE WITH YOU... THIS TOMB-LIKE ODOR ITSELF IS SIGNIFICANT! I SMELLED IT ONCE IN A MAMBA TEMPLE IN JAMAICA! AND THIS SHROUD-LIKE CLOTH IS MADE OF CANELA BARK... SEE HOW IT CRUMBLES IN MY FINGERS?

ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY YOU HAVE AN IDEA OF WHAT MAN MIGHT HAVE COMMITTED THESE GHASTLY CRIMES?

WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS THAT THIS IS NOT THE WORK OF A **MAN,** AT ALL! PREPARE FOR A SHOCK.. UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THIS IS THE WORK OF A SUPERNATURAL BEING ... **A ZOMBIE!**

BUT THAT'S **ABSURD,** TOM! WHAT WOULD A **ZOMBIE** WANT WITH **US?**

THAT'S WHAT WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT!

NONSENSE, TOM! YOU'VE LET THOSE BOOKS ON VOODOO YOU'VE BEEN READING WARP YOUR JUDGMENT!

I'M A CHEMICAL MANUFACTURER.. I DEAL WITH **SCIENCE,** NOT **SUPERSTITION!** WHOEVER IS IN BACK OF THIS WILL CHANGE HIS MIND WHEN HE FINDS I'VE GOT THE ESTATE SWARMING WITH GUARDS ARMED WITH MACHINE GUNS!

WELL, I'VE GOT TO BE GETTING DOWN TO THE PLANT! WE'RE EXPERIMENTING WITH A NEW ACID! I'M GOING TO LET THE POLICE HANDLE THIS MATTER, TOM, AND I'D ADVISE YOU TO DO THE SAME!

MARIE, AT LEAST **YOU'LL** LISTEN TO ME! I TELL YOU, YOU AND YOUR FATHER MAY FACE A DANGER THAT NO POLICE FORCE CAN PROTECT YOU FROM!

I'M AFRAID I AGREE WITH FATHER, TOM! YOU'RE LETTING YOUR IMAGINATION RUN AWAY WITH YOU!

ONE DAY, THEN TWO, CREEP BY.. WHILE THE LURKING EVIL AWAITS, WITH GRIM PATIENCE, THE MOMENT TO **STRIKE AGAIN!**

WHOEVER IT WAS... MY GUARDS HAVE FRIGHTENED HIM OFF! WHY... THERE'S THAT RANK, FETID **ODOR** AGAIN! IT MUST COME FROM THE **SWAMP!**

SOUNDLESS AS THE TREAD OF DOOM, THE GRISLY FORM ADVANCES!

THEN, WITH SUPERHUMAN FORCE...

OH-HH!

POW!

THIS POOL -- OF QUICKSAND -- WILL SWALLOW HIM -- WITHOUT A TRACE!

OH! FATHER!

FOR AN INSTANT, MARIE'S HORRIFIED EYES ARE FROZEN ON THE CREATURE'S AWFUL FACE!

CONFOUND -- THE GIRL! MY PLANS -- WILL HAVE -- TO WAIT!

GOOD HEAVENS... TOM WAS RIGHT IT'S... IT'S A ZOMBIE!

THEN, AS THE GRUESOME FIGURE LUNGES TOWARD HER...

HELP! HELP!

AS MARIE'S TERRIFIED SCREAMS ATTRACT ATTENTION, HER GRIM PURSUER VANISHES!

YOU WERE RIGHT, TOM... I SAW HIM... A ZOMBIE! HE TRIED TO KILL FATHER!

YES, I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF HIM! DID YOU SEE HIS FACE, MARIE?

IT'S INCREDIBLE, TOM... BUT HE ...HE LOOKED LIKE FATHER!

NOT INCREDIBLE AT ALL, MARIE -- I THINK THAT'S THE CLUE WE NEED! BUT FIRST LET'S GET TO YOUR FATHER!

BUT I TELL YOU I SAW HIM, FATHER!

DON'T BE HYSTERICAL, MARIE -- NOTHING COULD HAVE GOT PAST MY GUARDS! I MUST HAVE BUMPED MY HEAD ON A LOW BRANCH!

WHAT WILL WE DO, TOM... HE'S TOO STUBBORN TO LISTEN!

UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHAT THE ZOMBIE'S **PURPOSE** IS, WE'RE HELPLESS TO COMBAT HIM! I HOPE THERE'LL BE AN ANSWER IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE OCCULT AT THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY! WE MAY NOT HAVE MUCH TIME!

TOGETHER, THEY LEAF FRANTICALLY THROUGH THE DUSTY TOMES!

BUT THE ZOMBIE'S ACTIONS DON'T MAKE SENSE... FIRST REX... THEN OLD LUCIEN...

EXACTLY, MARIE! BESIDES YOUR FATHER, THOSE WERE THE ONLY TWO LIVING BEINGS WHO MIGHT HAVE REMEMBERED HIM! I'M CONVINCED THAT THE ZOMBIE IS ARMAND DUPREZ-- **YOUR FATHER'S IDENTICAL TWIN!**

FANTASTIC! IT'S TRUE ARMAND WAS INVOLVED IN VOODOO WORSHIP IN HAITI BEFORE HE WAS KILLED... BUT WHY SHOULD HE COME BACK TO PLAGUE **US!**

THE ANSWER IS HERE IN THIS BOOK, MARIE! IT SAYS THAT A ZOMBIE WHO HAS AN **IDENTICAL TWIN** CAN RETURN TO LIFE BY **DESTROYING HIS BROTHER AND TAKING HIS PLACE!**

BUT WHY DID YOU PHONE FATHER TO MEET US AT THE PLANT?

NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW! IT'S A SLIM CHANCE, BUT WE'VE **GOT TO TRY IT!**

MEANWHILE, AT THE DUPREZ CHEMICAL PLANT...

GLAD YOU DECIDED TO COME DOWN FOR THE TESTS, MR. DUPREZ! WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT HOW WELL THIS KELOXIC ACID WILL ETCH GLASS!

I WONDER WHY TOM INSISTED THAT I MEET HIM **HERE?**

SUDDENLY A DREAD WARNING SOUNDS THROUGH THE PLANT...

GOOD GRIEF... **THE ALARM BELL!** SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG! WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE PLACE BLOWS UP!

COME ON, MR. DUPREZ, RUN FOR IT!

GO AHEAD, JOE... IT'S MY DUTY TO STAY UNTIL EVERYONE IS OUT SAFELY!

CLANG! CLANG!

BUT AS THE WORKERS FLEE THE EXPECTED EXPLOSION, CHARLES DUPREZ UNSUSPECTINGLY PLAYS INTO THE HANDS OF A DANGER INFINITELY **MORE HORRIBLE!**

EVERYONE'S OUT NOW-- I GUESS I CAN LEAVE!

SETTING OFF-- THE ALARM-- GOT RID-- OF THE FOOLS... THERE WON'T-- BE ANY WITNESSES-- **THIS** TIME!

GREAT SCOTT-! ARMAND! YOU... A ZOMBIE!

YES-- MY STUPID BROTHER... A ZOMBIE! BUT NOT-- FOR LONG!

BY THE DICTATES OF MALA-- AND THE LAW-- OF THE WALKING-DEAD-- I, YOUR TWIN--SHALL CLAIM-- YOUR LIFE! FIRST, I'LL TAKE--YOUR CLOTHES-- AND THEN THE ACID--YOU SO THOUGHTFULLY PROVIDED-- WILL DESTROY YOUR BODY-- WITHOUT A TRACE! NO ONE WILL SUSPECT-- THAT A NEW CHARLES DUPREZ-- HAS INHERITED YOUR LIFE. AND FORTUNE!

NO--NO!

AT THAT MOMENT...

TOM... LOOK! HE'S HERE!

IT'S HAPPENED SOONER THAN I COUNTED ON! THIS CALLS FOR DESPERATE MEASURES!

LIKE THE HAND OF FATE, THE MASSIVE CABLE BUCKET HURTLES DOWN ON THE GRINNING MONSTER WITH UNERRING AIM!

YAGH!

BENEATH THE SURFACE, THE ACID SEETHES AND BOILS AS THE FORCES OF NATURE GRAPPLE IN DEADLY CONFLICT WITH THE PRODUCT OF ANOTHER WORLD!

I'M AFRAID WE'VE WON ONLY A TEMPORARY RESPITE! NOT EVEN ACID CAN DESTROY A ZOMBIE!

THIS ACID CAN! YOUR FATHER ONCE TOLD ME THAT IT'S A NEW TYPE! A BASIC INGREDIENT IS SALT EXTRACTED FROM CARIBBEAN KELP... WHICH VOODOO WORSHIPPERS HAVE USED FOR YEARS AS A PROTECTION AGAINST ZOMBIES! THAT'S WHY I GAMBLED EVERYTHING ON LURING THE ZOMBIE DOWN HERE!

THE GRISLY DRAMA REACHES ITS CLIMAX... AND SLOWLY THE WRITHING SHAPE DISSOLVES! AND, AS THE BUBBLING SURFACE OF THE LIQUID CALMS, ITS CLEAR, TRANSLUCENT DEPTHS ARE EMPTY!

HE'S GONE, THANK HEAVENS! TOM, TO THINK WE DIDN'T BELIEVE YOUR WARNINGS! NEXT TIME, I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD ON THESE THINGS!

LET'S HOPE THERE'LL NEVER BE A "NEXT TIME"! ONE ZOMBIE IN THE FAMILY IS ENOUGH!

THE END

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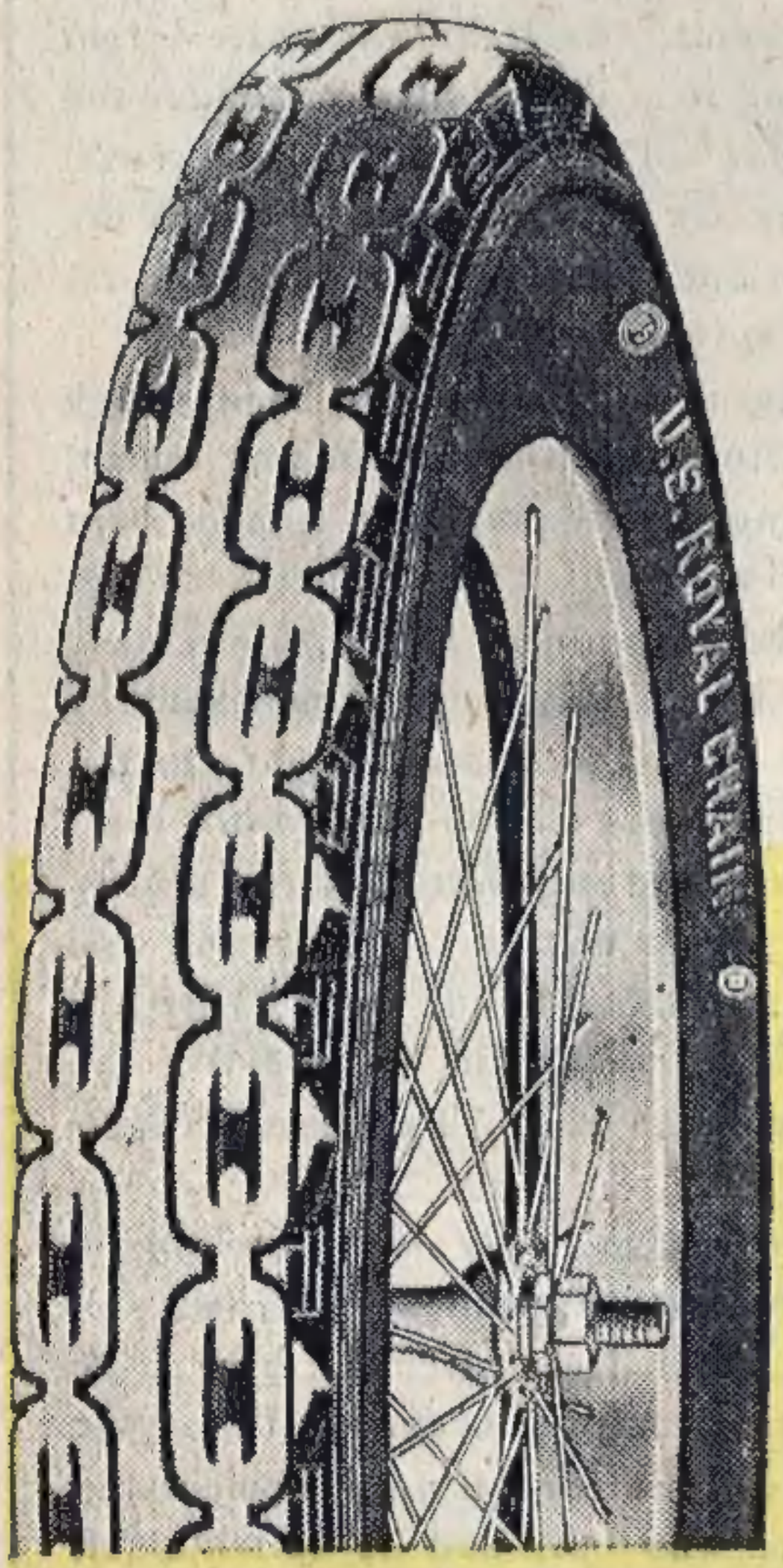

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DEMON'S GROTTO

JIM HAD HEARD a lot of whacky stories, after ten years of banging around the South Pacific. But he'd never believed them. If he had, he'd never have come upon some of his richest hauls. The supposedly accursed pearl beds off Kimrau Isle, the gold veins in the Owen-Stanley mountains which the natives claimed were protected by tribal gods...they'd all proved nothing more than local legends. And so it would be with the sunken pirate ship he intended diving to in a few minutes. The horrified chieftains swore that he was going to certain death, for the waters were the sacred home of their god, and the area known as the...DEMON'S GROTTO!

Jim snorted contemptuously. His old maps showed beyond doubt that the ship had gone down on the spot below him, and nothing would prevent his getting it, even though he had to admit that the witch-doctors had gone into an unusually severe pitch of frenzy when he made his plan known. He had dived into deeper waters before, and with the new oxygen tanks which he could carry on his back, the job would be a lead-pipe cinch.

As the native tom-toms beat out their chant of warning, Jim slipped into the waters, the oxygen mask over his head, and began to descend. A variety of vividly colored tropical fish passed before his face window as the waters turned from blue to green. Then it was grey, and colder, and greyer yet...as he descended into the deeps.

He breast-stroked powerfully as the time-eaten hull of the pirate frigate came into view. Deeper yet, passing vertically down the barnacled mainmast, where a few ancient tattered sails hung like shrouds in grey-green gloom. There was something weird about the ship, vaguely unpleasant, for Jim realized that the hull was in far better condition than anything almost three hundred years under water should be. He was almost on the deck now, treading water lightly, peering hard for the stairway leading to the cabins below.

Suddenly he spied a dim light ahead. "Probably some phosphorescent matter in the water," he thought, but at the same moment it occurred to him that in all the years he'd studied the seven seas he'd never come across any underwater light that bright.

He edged closer to the source. "It...it's not possible!" he gasped. "Why...that's a ...a LIGHT...coming from below!" His first instinct was to get away as fast as possible, but his inborn curiosity got the better of him. Sucking more deeply at the oxygen, he reached the slime-covered stairs, and began to descend. The light was quite bright now, coming in a thin shaft from under the door of one of the cabins. He breast-stroked directly to it, listening hard in the absolute silence, reached out his hand for the door...and pushed.

For a moment he thought he'd been struck mad, for sitting within the cabin was a man, or something that *looked* like a man, bent over a table on which an immense candle was somehow burning. The *Thing* slowly looked up, its ghastly sunken eyes sending forth twin shafts of reddish light. In the moment of paralysis which followed his total horror, Jim noticed only that the thing's body was scaly, like a marine creature, and that its huge outstretched hands were WEBBED!

"Welcome," it said, in a voice like the tolling of a death bell. "I've been *expecting* you!"

The light was suddenly doused, plunging the cabin into utter blackness. Jim saw two shafts of reddish light streak at him as he struggled frantically to escape. But struggle was useless, for in the next moment his oxygen line was cut, and he felt himself gripped by some irristible force.

But just before he succumbed, Jim felt two hands clutching his throat, and the hands were...WEBBED!

The HEX of HORROR

WE THINK OF SUPERNATURAL EVENTS TAKING PLACE FAR FROM HOME -- IN LONELY OLD WORLD CASTLES -- IN SAVAGE, VOODOO-RIDDEN ISLANDS WHERE CIVILIZATION HAS NEVER PENETRATED! BUT WHAT ABOUT THE EVIL THAT LURKS IN THE LONELY HAMLETS OF OUR OWN UNITED STATES? WHAT ABOUT THE DREAD INCANTATIONS AND BLACK POWERS PRACTICED BY SOME OF OUR OWN PEOPLE? **RIDICULOUS**, YOU SAY? THE READ ON -- AND LEARN ABOUT --

The HEX *of* HORROR!

IN A LONELY PENNSYLVANIA FARMHOUSE...

THERE HE IS, COMBIN' OUT HIS ***BEARD*** AG'IN! HOW I HATE HIM -- AN' THAT BEARD O' HIS HE LOVES SO MUCH!

WHY YOU POKIN' AROUND AT THE DOOR, MARTHA? COME ON IN AN' STOP PUSSYFOOTIN' AROUND! WHAT DO Y' WANT?

I WANT MY ***MONEY***, EB! YOU SOLD EVERY HOG ON THE FARM YESTERDAY, AN' YOU AIN'T GIVE ME MY SHARE YET! I DON'T CARE IF YOU ARE MY ***HALF-BROTHER***! YOU BEEN ***CHEATIN'*** ME TOO LONG!

YOU AIN'T GOT NO MONEY COMIN'! NOW ***GIT BACK TO YOUR WORK!***

THIS FARM IS HALF *MINE*, EB! YOU CAIN'T...

THERE'S NOTHIN' I CAIN'T DO! MEBBE *THIS'LL* LEARN YA TO OBEY ME!

SLAP!

DON'T TRY FIGHTIN' BACK, YOU LITTLE WILDCAT! YOU'D BETTER LEARN THAT *I'M* THE ONE WHO OWNS THIS PLACE!

YOU... YOU... LEMME GO, EB... I CAIN'T BREATHE...

SURE, MARTHA.. I WOULDN'T WANT NOBODY TO THINK I DON'T TREAT MY LITTLE HALF-SISTER *RIGHT!*

NOW GO ON ABOUT YOUR CHORES! AN' DON'T LET ME HEAR NOTHIN' 'BOUT MONEY, SEE?

I'LL GET *EVEN* WITH HIM! I'LL *PAY HIM BACK!*

SOON AFTERWARDS-- HE AIN'T GOIN' TO GET AWAY WITH BEATIN' *ME* NO MORE! BUT HOW AM I GONNA GIT *BACK* AT HIM? I'VE GOT IT.. I'LL GET THE *WIDOW KLOPP* TO HELP ME! SHE'S GOT DEVILISH POWERS-- SHE CAN PUT A *HEX* ON EB!

EVERYBODY KNOWS SHE'S A *WITCH*, IN LEAGUE WITH SATAN-- AN' SHE'LL DO *ANYTHIN'* FER MONEY! IF SHE CAIN'T HELP ME GIT THE MONEY--AN' *REVENGE*-- NOBODY CAN!

COME IN, MARTHY.. COME IN! SO EB'S BEEN *MISTREATIN'* YOU AG'IN, EH? HE AIN'T GIVIN' YOU WHAT'S RIGHTLY YOUR'N, AIN'T THAT IT?

Y-YES.. BUT HOW'D *YOU* KNOW?

IT'S MY BUSINESS TO KNOW THINGS-- ABOUT *EB*, ESPECIALLY! DIDN'T HE STEAL *MOST* O' MY LAND AFTER MY HUSBAND DIED-- AN' HAVEN'T I BEEN WAITIN' FER A WAY TO GIT BACK AT HIM? *YOU* CAN HELP ME, MARTHY-- BY GITTIN' ME SOMETHIN' PERSONAL THAT BELONGS TO HIM!

MAIN THING'S TO GIT ME MY MONEY-- AN' THEN HAVE SOMETHIN' HAPPEN TO HIM! COULD BE TO THAT *BEARD* OF HIS, MAYBE-- HE'S THAT PROUD OF IT---

THAT GIVES ME AN IDEE! GO RIGHT HOME, AN' WHEN HE'S SLEEPIN', YOU CUT OFF A COUPLA HAIRS FROM THAT BEARD AN' BRING 'EM BACK TO ME! AN' BRING THE *LOOKIN'-GLASS* HE USES, TOO! *THAT'S ALL I NEED!*

LATER... THERE! I GUESS I'VE GOT ENOUGH O' HIS BEARD! NOW ALL I NEED IS THAT LOOKIN'-GLASS AN' WE'RE ALL SET!

*AND SO THE STAGE WAS SET FOR TRAGEDY, AND-- **HORROR!***

WH-WHAT YOU AIM TO DO?

I AIM TO ASK THE *DEVIL* TO SIT ON THIS GLASS! I RECKON EB'LL NEVER SEE SUCH ANOTHER SIGHT AS I AIM' TO MAKE HIM SEE!

WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' NOW? WHAT'S THAT *BLACK CIRCLE* FOR?

HUSH, MARTHY, AN' YOU BETTER LOOK THE OTHER WAY! WHAT I'M GOIN' TO DO AIN'T A PRETTY THING TO SEE! I LEARNED THIS HEX FROM MY GRAND-MAMMY! SHE CALLED IT-- *THE HEX OF HORROR!*

THEN, AS THE WIZENED CRONE INTONED THE ANCIENT SPELL...

SPIRITS OF THE BURNING DEEPS TWISTED IN A WRITHING MASS SCATTER DOOM ON HE WHO SLEEPS *SHOW THY MASTER, ON THE GLASS!*

THEN, AS THE ROOM FILLED WITH THE GHASTLY FUMES OF BRIMSTONE...

YOU HAVE HEARD MY CALL, GREAT ONE! LET EB KNOW YOUR TERRIBLE VISAGE! LET *THAT* BE MY REVENGE-- AND *MARTHA'S!*

THESE FUMES... THEY'RE STRANGLING ME! I'M GOIN' TO... FAINT... *OHHH!*

GIT UP, YOU MILKSOP-- NOW IT'S UP TO **YOU!** TAKE THE GLASS HOME AN' PUT IT WHERE HE KEEPS IT! WHEN HE LOOKS INTO IT IN THE MORNIN', YOU'LL GIT THAT MONEY-- AN' **MORE!** BUT MIND **YOU** DON'T LOOK INTO IT-- **OR YOU'LL WISH YOU HADN'T!**

AT LAST EB'S A-GONNA GIT HIS COME-UPPANCE-- I CAN HARDLY WAIT! MEBBE WHAT HE SEES IN THE MIRROR WILL MAKE HIM LOSE HIS BEARD-- WONDER WHAT IT IS? WISH I DARED TAKE A PEEK-- BUT THAT OL' WITCH WARNED ME **NOT** TO!

MOMENTS LATER, AS EB'S EVERY BREATH STIRRED TERROR WITHIN MARTHA...

THERE! THE GLASS IS IN PLACE, AN' I AIN'T LOOKED AT IT ONCE-- NO MATTER HOW MUCH I WANTED TO! BUT WHAT'D THE WIDOW MEAN THAT IN THE MORNIN' I'D GIT **MORE** MONEY THAN EB OWED ME? WAIT-- MEBBE I CAN FIND THE ANSWER UP IN THE ATTIC WHERE PAPPY HID AWAY THE BOOK ON WITCHCRAFT AND HEXES JUST AFORE HE DIED!

HERE IT IS, RIGHT WHERE I FIGURED! NOW LET'S SEE...

THEN, AS THE HOURS TICKED AWAY UNNOTICED...

HMM, THERE'S CURES HERE FOR FALLING HAIR, MEASLES, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATISM, BUT I DON'T SEE... **WAIT!** HERE IT IS-- **UNDER DEATH CURSES!**

B-- BUT I HADN'T COUNTED ON **KILLIN'** HIM! I-- I'VE GOT TO STOP...

DEATH CURSES

TO FRIGHTEN AN ENEMY TO DEATH, CONTRIVE TO GET HIS LOOKING-GLASS, AND ASK THE DEVIL TO SIT UPON IT, FOR THE EVIL ONE WILL PUT INTO THE GLASS A BEING **NOT OF THIS WORLD** TO BRING ABOUT THE DEATH OF THE ENEMY.

THEN, AS THE CHIMES OF THE ANCIENT GRANDFATHER CLOCK TOLLED THROUGH THE STILL HOUSE...

FIVE O'CLOCK-- THAT MEANS EB'LL BE GITTIN' UP! AN' WHEN HE LOOKS INTO THE MIRROR-- HIM WITH HIS WEAK HEART...

BONG! BONG! ! !

THERE WAS STILL TIME TO STOP EB, TO SAVE HIM! BUT THEN CAME THE GRIM, CHILLING THOUGHT...

SAVE HIM-- **WHY?** I'LL MAKE IT A **REAL** REVENGE-- AN' LET HIM **DIE** WHEN HE GOES TO COMB OUT THAT BEARD O' HIS'N IN THE MIRROR!-- **THERE!**

YAAGHHH!

JEST AS I FIGGERED-- FLAT ON HIS BACK! EB-- MY *DEAR*, DEPARTED HALF-BROTHER!

DEAD! SERVES HIM RIGHT-- AN' NOW THE FARM IS MINE, INCLUDIN'. THAT SACK O' SILVER HE KEPT HIDDEN IN THE CLOSET!

ALL THE MONEY HE HAD, AN' NOW IT'S-- *MINE!* THAT'S WHAT THE WIDOW KLOPP MEANT-- SAYIN' I'D GIT *MORE'N* I EXPECTED! BUT I KEEP WONDERIN' WHAT IT WAS THAT EB SAW-- WHAT IT WAS THAT COULD'VE FRIGHTENED *HIM* TO DEATH!

THEN, AS MARTHA LOOKED AT HER DEAD BROTHER WITH FIERCE JOY-- SUDDENLY SHE RECALLED THE LONG FORGOTTEN WORDS OF HER FATHER...

REMEMBER, DAUGHTER-- THOSE WHO INVOKE THE DEVIL'S HELP WILL HAVE TO *PAY HIM* WHEN THE TIME COMES!

NO, NO-- I'M NOT GONNA THINK O' THAT! I-- I'LL THINK O' SOMETHIN' *ELSE*-- LIKE WHAT COULDA BEEN IN THAT MIRROR!

THEN, AS CURIOSITY BEGAN TO BURN FIERCELY AT HER WILL POWER...

I AIN'T SCARED O' NOTHIN'-- SO WHY *SHOULDN'T* I TAKE A LOOK! JEST ONE LITTLE BITTY PEEK CAIN'T HURT ME!

WHY-- IT'S NOTHIN' BUT EB'S FACE, LOOKIN' THE WAY I ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE IT-- *BURNIN' UP WITH PAIN!*

I 'TOLD YOU I'D PAY YOU BACK, EB! I TOLD YOU I'D... *WHAT'S THAT?* HIS FACE-- IT'S *CHANGIN'*-- AN' NOW THERE'S *SOMETHIN' ELSE COMIN' OUT OF THE MIRROR!*

AND SO, MARTHA CAME FACE TO FACE WITH THE--HEX OF HORROR-- MOST FATAL CURSE IN WITCHCRAFT

IT... IT CAN'T BE! NO! NO! KEEP AWAY!

NO! DON'T TOUCH ME! I'LL THROW THIS-- FIRE AT YOU!

THERE IS NO ESCAPE, FOOLISH MORTAL! YOU HAVE LOOKED UPON MY FACE-- AND MUST DIE!

STRUGGLE IS USELESS! YOU HAVE CAUSED YOUR OWN DOOM-- BY INVOKING THE FATAL HEX!

NO! NO! YOU WON'T GET ME!

THEN, WITH THE FRENZIED STRENGTH OF ONE FACED WITH DEATH, MARTHA FLUNG THE AWFUL FORM AWAY FROM HER, SWINGING THE BAG OF SILVER AROUND HER MADLY IN THE DARKNESS..

K-KEEP AWAY! DON'T COME NEAR ME!

HAA-HA-HA-HA!

FLAILING MADLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS, MARTHA FOUGHT HER WAY TO THE DOOR! SUDDENLY, SHE FELT SOMETHING TOUCH HER NECK, JERKING UPWARD! THEN, IN HER FRANTIC HASTE...

YOU WON'T GET ME! I'LL GET OUT OF HERE-- OHHH!

THUD!

IT WAS THE WIDOW KLOPP WHO FINALLY FOUND THE BODIES! THEN, WHEN THE POLICE AND VILLAGE DOCTOR HAD ARRIVED..

POOR EB HAD A BAD HEART A LONG TIME-- IT JUST SEEMED TO GIVE 'OUT, I GUESS! BUT MARTHA-- THIS IS AWFULLY STRANGE! HOW ON EARTH COULD SHE HAVE STRANGLED HERSELF THAT WAY?

I CAN'T RIGHTLY SAY, DOC-- BUT EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN IN THESE HILLS! YOU JEST CAIN'T EXPLAIN 'EM!

I RECKON SO, SHERIFF-- IT'S JEST A MYSTERY!

JUST A MYSTERY! PERHAPS! BUT EVERY YEAR THESE "MYSTERIES" TAKE PLACE WITHIN OUR BORDERS, MYSTERIES WHICH WE LIGHTLY BRUSH OFF WITH SUCH A PHRASE AS, "HE MUST HAVE HAD A HEX ON HIM!"

THE END

It's NEW...

IT'S SPINE-TINGLING ...IT'S Diffunt!

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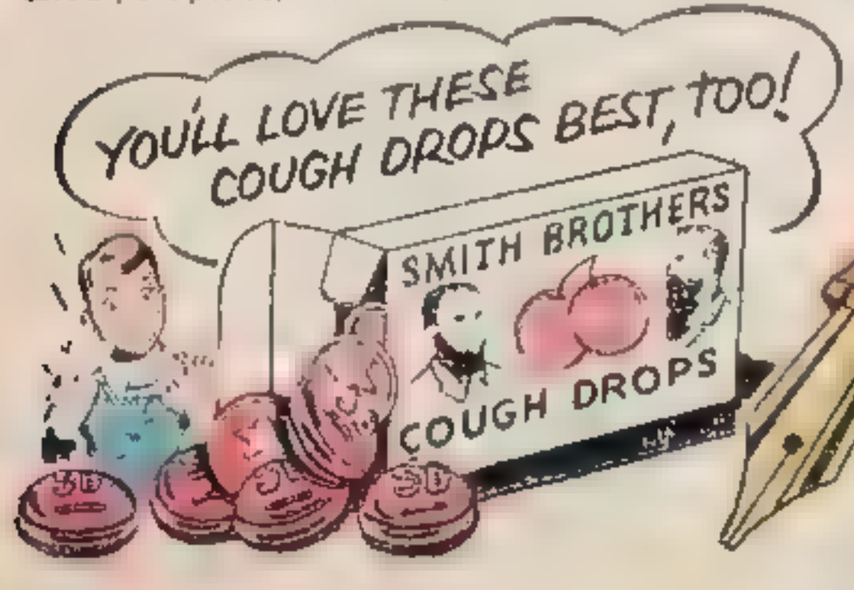

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OUT of the NIGHT... TO YOU!

WE'VE WAITED MIGHTY impatiently for this moment, readers. Part of the reason, of course, was that you're our favorite people...because naturally, we've got a soft spot in our hearts for the ardent fans and loyal supporters of *"Out of The Night"*, America's great magazine of the supernatural. Over and above that, however, was the fact that we were more than a little anxious to discuss this current issue of ours with you.

As you know, this is our fifth number. From the outset, our purpose has been to frame and publish such a magazine as you, our readers, would desire. You see, there's far more to putting out a magazine than filling a certain number of pages with stories. You've got to be sure that they're *good* stories...which, in this case, means thrilling, tense and imaginative yarns which plumb the depths of the great *Unknown*. Then, they've got to be ably illustrated, which requires the services of ace artists who can, through the medium of vivid pictures they create, make the supernatural come alive. Most important of all, however, is the need to ascertain just what your readers want to see. And now, happy to relate, we've managed to reach that point. From our first issue onward, we've been deluged with countless letters from the many good people who constitute our public. They've told us what they liked... and what they didn't like. And, on the basis of their expressed preferences, we've at last been able to establish an editorial policy which should result in making *"Out of The Night"* exactly the sort of magazine you want it to be.

This present issue, thus, reflects *your* desires...and we hope you'll like it! *"The Zombie's Revenge"* is as weird a piece of supernatural lore as you'll ever encounter. *"The Hex of Horror"* packs an eerie chill, and we think you'll like it. Then, there's *"Adventure Into Witchcraft"*, which presents a little-known side of the occult, and thrillingly! Winding up the issue is *"The Vampire Master"*, a truly tense and gripping story.

We think you'll like this number...and we want to keep on pleasing you! Help us, please, by writing in and telling us what *you'd* like to see in this magazine! Address your letter to The Editor, *"Out of The Night"*, 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. And here's what some of our *other* readers are saying!

"Dear Editor:-

I've just gotten my first copy of *'Out of The Night'*...and enjoyed it plenty! It's wonderful...has a lot more excitement than any other book I've read. And it contains just the kind of stories I love reading! I'll buy your magazine every time it comes out!

--Roy G. Sharpe, Roanoke, Va."

"Dear Editor:-

I'd like you to know that I enjoy *'Out of The Night'* throughout. I go for stories like *'The Vampire's Fate'* because they keep you in the utmost suspense to the very end...you've just *got* to keep on reading! Keep up the good work!

--Florence Butler, Sydney, N.S."

"Dear Editor:-

Don't know what I did before I started reading *'Out of The Night'* ...I sure was missing a lot! Your stories are great...I'd be behind you if you'd start publishing them monthly!

--Douglas Potts, Sumner, Texas."

HERE, READER, IS ONE OF THE MOST INCREDIBLE AND TERRIFYING STORIES EVER TO COME TO THIS MAGAZINE -- A STORY THAT STARTS RIGHT IN OUR OWN EDITORIAL OFFICES, AND ENDS IN A NIGHTMARISH SETTING OF UNSPEAKABLE HORROR! YOU CAN BELIEVE IT OR NOT, BUT WE'RE SURE YOU'LL BE GLAD **YOU** NEVER HAD TO EMBARK ON SUCH AN...

ADVENTURE into WITCHCRAFT!

WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH YOU LATELY, GARY? YOU HAVEN'T WRITTEN A DECENT STORY FOR ME SINCE YOU CAME BACK FROM EGYPT LAST MONTH!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT MYSELF, CHIEF -- ALL I KNOW IS THAT EVERY TIME I TRY TO DO SOME RESEARCH INTO THE OCCULT, I GET A SPLITTING HEADACHE THAT PREVENTS ME FROM DOING ANY WORK! AND I I HAVE A STRANGE FEELING THAT SOMEONE IS TIGHTENING A METAL BAND AROUND THE HEAD OF A WAXEN IMAGE.. **MY** IMAGE!

EDITORIAL OFFICES

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

OUT OF THE NIGHT

IT ALL BEGAN WHEN I STARTED TO STUDY THE FABULOUSLY RARE AND ANCIENT EGYPTIAN VOLUME CALLED "THE 13TH BOOK OF NECROMANCY".. WHICH I DUG OUT OF THE PYRAMIDS LAST MONTH! I READ ENOUGH TO FIND THE BOOK CONTAINED THE MOST INCREDIBLE COLLECTION OF OCCULT SECRETS IN THE WORLD.. BUT EACH TIME I CAN DECIPHER NO MORE THAN A FEW SENTENCES BEFORE THOSE AWFUL HEADACHES FORCE ME TO STOP WORK!

I COULD USE THESE SECRETS OF NECROMANCY AS THE BASIS FOR MY STORIES! THEY'D BE THE GREATEST AND MOST AUTHENTIC SUPERNATURAL YARNS EVER PUBLISHED! BUT I'M BEGINNING TO THINK I'LL *NEVER* GET SUCH STORIES WRITTEN-- I... I FEEL AS IF I'M BEING HEXED BY INCREDIBLY EVIL FORCES THAT DON'T WANT THEIR SECRETS KNOWN!

NONSENSE.. YOU'RE JUST LETTING THAT OVER-ACTIVE IMAGINATION OF YOURS RUN AWAY WITH YOU!

YOU'RE THE BEST SUPERNATURAL WRITER IN THE BUSINESS, GARY-- BUT YOU'VE GOT TO GET A *GRIP* ON YOURSELF! I NEED YOUR STORIES MORE THAN EVER NOW-- BECAUSE THE HALF-DOZEN OTHER TOP WRITERS IN THE FIELD ALL SEEM TO HAVE SUDDENLY RETIRED AND BECOME HERMITS! I'VE BEEN UNABLE TO LOCATE THEM OR TRACE THEM DOWN-- AS IF THEY'VE UTTERLY VANISHED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!

HMM.. SOMEHOW, CHIEF, I HAVE A HUNCH THAT THERE'S A *CONNECTION* BETWEEN THEIR MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES AND MY TROUBLES!

I KNOW... YOU'LL JUST SAY IT'S MY OVER-ACTIVE IMAGINATION AGAIN! WELL, DON'T WORRY, CHIEF --I WON'T LET YOU DOWN! I'LL GO HOME AND *FORCE* MYSELF TO WORK.. NO MATTER *WHAT* HAPPENS!

GOOD BOY!

AN HOUR LATER, AT GARY LAWSON'S HOME...

PLEASE, DEAR.. NOT *THAT* BOOK AGAIN.. YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN! *DESTROY IT!*

I CAN'T, HONEY.. IT WOULD MEAN DEPRIVING THE WORLD OF AN IMMENSE STORE OF OCCULT KNOWLEDGE! I'VE *GOT* TO WADE INTO IT AGAIN -- MAYBE THIS TIME I'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE SOME PROGRESS IN MY TRANSLATION!

BUT AS GARY PORES OVER THE ANCIENT TOME...

OHH.. MY HEAD! THE AGONY WAS NEVER *THIS* BAD! IT... IT'S *KILLING* ME!

HAPPENING *AGAIN*, EH? I'M PUTTING THAT DEVILISH THING BACK IN THE SAFE, WHERE IT CAN'T HARM YOU!

WHEW.. THAT'S BETTER! THE PAIN'S EASING, AND THAT AWFUL VISION DISAPPEARED!

YOU.. YOU MUST NEVER OPEN THAT ACCURSED BOOK AGAIN, DEAR.. EVEN IF YOU NEVER WRITE ANOTHER SUPERNATURAL STORY!

WHAT YOU PROBABLY NEED IS A CHANGE OF PACE -- SO WHY DON'T YOU TRY YOUR HAND AT A LOVE STORY INSTEAD OF A SUPERNATURAL ONE? YOU CAN PROBABLY FIND SOME MARKETS IN THIS WRITER'S MAGAZINE!

HMM, MAYBE THE CHANGE **WOULD** BE GOOD FOR ME! LET'S SEE THAT MAGAZINE--

WRITER'S WEEKLY

SAY.. **THIS** LOOKS INTERESTING!

PERSONALS

GIRL ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY AND OCCULT POWERS, SCHOOLED IN EGYPTIAN NECROMANCY, WISHES TO CONTACT WRITER INTERESTED IN LEARNING BLACK MAGIC! DARE YOU WRITE ME? ALL REPLIES CONFIDENTIAL. BOX 358

WHY, IF THAT GIRL'S GENUINE, I COULD USE **HER** AS A SOURCE OF OCCULT INFORMATION FOR MY STORIES -- AND STILL REMAIN A FAMOUS AND WELL-PAID SUPERNATURAL WRITER! BUT IF ONLY THERE WERE SOME WAY OF **PROVING** HER ABILITY FIRST!

THAT VERY NIGHT.. **THE PROOF CAME!**

GARY! WAKE UP -- L... LOOK!

HUH? IT... IT MUST BE A SPIRIT!

YES, THE SPIRIT OF HER WHOSE MESSAGE YOU READ TODAY, GARY LAWSON! I RECEIVED YOUR THOUGHT WAVES.. AND I CHOSE TO COME HERE IN MY BODILESS SPIRITUAL FORM TO **PROVE** TO YOU THAT I HAVE SUPERNATURAL POWERS!

I... I DON'T CARE WHO YOU ARE OR WHAT YOU ARE --

..JUST GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!

CRASH!

THE...THE LAMP WENT RIGHT THROUGH HER.. SHE IS BODILESS!

IF THIS IS PROOF ENOUGH FOR YOU, GARY LAWSON, YOU CAN MEET MY MATERIAL SELF IN ANCIENT SCHUYKILL CASTLE, HIGH IN THE ADIRONDACKS! BUT IF YOU NEED ANY *MORE* INDUCEMENT TO COME--

-- THIS MAY HELP!

OHHH!

THEN, IN A GHOSTLY FLASH--

SHE... SHE *VANISHED!* WHOEVER SHE IS, SHE *DOES* HAVE IMMENSE SUPER-NATURAL POWERS-- AND I CAN'T PASS UP A CHANCE LIKE THIS TO BROADEN *MY* KNOWLEDGE OF THE OCCULT! I'M *GOING* TO SCHUYKILL CASTLE!

THEN I'M GOING WITH YOU-- TO MAKE SURE THAT WITCH DOESN'T GET HER HOOKS INTO YOU AND STEAL YOU AWAY FROM ME!

TWO DAYS LATER, DEEP IN THE WILD SOLITUDE OF THE ADIRONDACKS--

BUT WHAT IF THIS GIRL USES HER SUPERNATURAL POWERS FOR *EVIL?* IF YOU REFUSE TO JOIN HER, SHE MIGHT TURN THEM *AGAINST* YOU!

I'VE THOUGHT OF THAT, HONEY-- AND I'VE COME PREPARED! I'VE PAINTED THE SACRED PENTACLE ON TOP OF THE CAR TO WARD OFF EVIL IN-FLUENCES-- AND I'VE GOT OTHER DEFENSES TO PROTECT US LATER!

WE MUST BE GETTING CLOSE TO SCHUYKILL CASTLE-- *WHA--* I DIDN'T ACCELERATE JUST THEN! THE... THE CAR SEEMED TO LEAP FORWARD OF ITS OWN ACCORD!

BAH!

CRASH!

THAT... THAT BOULDER JUST MISSED US! SOMETHING TRIED TO KILL US -- AND ONLY THE PENTACLE SIGN SAVED US! LET'S TURN BACK, GARY -- I'M ***AFRAID!***

CALM DOWN, HONEY -- IF THE DEFENSES I BROUGHT ALONG ARE WORKING, WHAT'S THERE TO BE AFRAID OF? BESIDES, THIS OLD JALOPY IS FULL OF QUIRKS -- IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A COINCIDENCE THAT IT SPURTED FORWARD JUST AS THE BOULDER FELL -- A MIGHTY ***LUCKY*** COINCIDENCE!

AH, THERE'S THE CASTLE -- WE'LL BE THERE SOON!

QUICK -- LET US FLY BACK AND BRING WORD THAT THE VICTIM COMES -- AND THAT WE COULD NOT ATTACK BECAUSE OF THE ACCURSED PENTACLE!

IT LOOKS SO GLOOMY AND FORBIDDING, GARY -- ***MUST*** WE GO IN?

WE'LL BE SAFE ENOUGH -- I'VE BROUGHT ALONG A STRANGE POWDER THAT WILL PREVENT ANY EVIL SUPERNATURAL BEING FROM ATTACKING US!

INSIDE THE CRUMBLING BARONIAL HALL...

I CAN SCARCELY SEE A THING -- WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL OUR EYES BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO THE GLOOM!

I'M BEGINNING TO MAKE THINGS OUT -- ***OHH!*** THOSE HUNCHED DARK SHAPES NEAR THE WALLS -- THEY'RE BEGINNING TO ***COME TOWARD US!***

OUT OF THE SHADOWS --

WEREWOLVES, VAMPIRES, ZOMBIES -- THEY'VE GOT US ***SURROUNDED!*** WAIT -- I... I THINK I RECOGNIZE SOME OF THE ***FACES!***

OHH!

AL WARNER... JIM HOLLIS... CLINT MARDEN -- ALL SUPERNATURAL WRITERS WHOM I KNEW! THE BEST IN THE BUSINESS! WHO -- OR ***WHAT*** -- CHANGED THEM INTO SUCH HORRIBLE CREATURES?

I CHANGED THEM!

IT-- IT'S THE *WITCH* WHOSE SPIRIT APPEARED TO US THE OTHER NIGHT! *SHE'S* BEHIND ALL THIS!

YES-- I, THE WITCH OF ENDOR, CHANGED THOSE MEN INTO FIENDS OF EVIL--JUST AS I WILL CHANGE *YOU*, GARY LAWSON! BUT FIRST, I WILL CHANGE INTO *MY* NATURAL STATE!

IN ONE AWFUL INSTANT -- A TERRIFYING TRANSFORMATION!

OH, GARY-- HOW... HOW *HORRIBLE!*

THE WITCH OF ENDOR-- THE MOST DREADED WITCH IN ALL HISTORY! BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH *ME?*

THE DEVIL HIMSELF HAS CHOSEN ME TO HALT MEDDLING WRITERS FROM REVEALING OUR SUPERNATURAL SECRETS! TOO MANY PEOPLE WERE LEARNING TO DEFEND THEMSELVES AGAINST EVIL ATTACKS FROM THE BEYOND.. AND WHEN YOU DISCOVERED THE 13TH BOOK OF NECROMANCY, WHICH REVEALS THE MOST POWERFUL AND SATANICAL RITES AND FORMULAE IN ALL DEMONOLOGY, WE KNEW WE HAD TO *STRIKE!*

THE FIRST THING I DID WAS TO MAKE THIS WAXEN IMAGE OF YOU -- AND TIGHTEN THE CLAMP AROUND THE HEAD SO THAT VIOLENT DISTURBANCES WOULD PREVENT YOU FROM STUDYING THE BOOK!

THEN *I* PLACED THAT ADVERTISEMENT IN THE WRITER'S MAGAZINE. AND IGNORED ALL EXCEPT THOSE ANSWERS FROM THE GREATEST WRITERS OF THE SUPERNATURAL! THOSE WHO CAME HERE IN RESPONSE TO MY INVITATION WERE "PERSUADED" TO BECOME SERVANTS OF SATAN -- AND NOW IT'S **YOUR** TURN, GARY LAWSON! EITHER JOIN FORCES WITH US-- OR *DIE!*

I'LL *NEVER* JOIN YOUR UNHOLY ALLIANCE, YOU GHOUL!

SO-- HE *DEFIES US! DESTROY HIM!*

THERE... THIS OUGHT TO GIVE ME ENOUGH TIME TO SPILL MY SACRED POWDER IN A CIRCLE AROUND US!

POW!

COME AND GET US NOW, YOU CREEPS!

BAH!

THAT'S WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO ANYONE WHO TRIES TO CROSS THE MAGIC CIRCLE!

HIS WHITE MAGIC IS MORE POWERFUL THAN OUR BLACK MAGIC.. WE DARE NOT ATTACK HIM!

YAAGHH!

HA.. LET THEM STAND IN THE CIRLCE -- UNTIL THEY FALL OUT OF IT IN WEARINESS AND HUNGER! WE CAN WAIT FOR DAYS IF WE HAVE TO!

THEN YOU'LL WAIT IN VAIN! I'VE GOT A LOT MORE POWDER! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS MAKE A SERIES OF INTERSECTING CIRCLES BETWEEN HERE AND OUR CAR.. AND WE'LL JUST STEP FROM ONE CIRCLE TO ANOTHER --TO FREEDOM!

STAY CLOSE BEHIND ME, HONEY.. AND STEP INTO EACH CIRCLE AS I MAKE IT! THE PENTACLE WILL PROTECT US AT THE CAR!

YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE! TIGHTENING THE BAND AROUND THE HEAD OF YOUR WAXEN IMAGE WILL BREAK YOUR RESISTANCE!

HA-HA! TIGHTER.. TIGHTER!

GARY!

OHH- MY HEAD!

...AND TIGHTER -- EVEN TIGHTER!

I CAN'T SEE HIM SUFFER LIKE THAT! THE WITCH HAS HER HEAD DOWN -- IF I CAN ONLY GRAB THE WAXEN IMAGE OUT OF HER HANDS--

THE-- THE PAIN -- I CAN'T STAND IT! STOP IT-- STOP IT!

GOT IT!

WHA-- SHE'S OUT OF THE SACRED CIRCLE! SEIZE HER, FIENDS!

THE... THE PAIN DISAPPEARED--

CATCH, DARLING-- AND GOODBYE!

SLAY HER!

KILL HER!

OHHHH!

NO--NO! THEY'VE GOT HER-- AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO TO SAVE HER!

YOU... YOU KILLED HER-- **BUT YOU'LL PAY FOR IT!** I'LL MAKE SURE THAT SHE DIDN'T DIE IN VAIN! YOU CAN'T HURT ME NOW-- I'VE LEARNED ENOUGH OF SORCERY TO KNOW THAT ONCE A VICTIM RETRIEVES HIS WAXEN IMAGE, HE CAN NEVER AGAIN BE HARMED! I'M GOING TO REVEAL TO THE WORLD EVERY FIENDISH SECRET OF THE 13TH BOOK OF NECROMANCY!

WAIT-- YOU MAY BE IMMUNE TO MY BLACK MAGIC -- BUT I STILL HAVE POWER OVER THE **SPIRIT OF YOUR DEAD WIFE!** UNLESS YOU GIVE UP, I WILL RAISE HER SPIRIT-- AND CONDEMN HER TO **ETERNAL UNREST!**

YOU'RE BLUFFING-- I DON'T BELIEVE YOU HAVE THE **POWER** TO RAISE HER SPIRIT!

HA-- THEN **WATCH** ME!-- **NEFERU KRADUR TAL MROPUL SATANIENSIS!**

AS THE WEIRD INCANTATION FADES AWAY--

THERE! NOW HER SPIRIT IS DOOMED TO CEASELESS WANDERING! BUT I WILL RETURN HER TO ETERNAL REST-- ONLY IF YOU DO AS I SAY!

NO, GARY! DON'T TRUST HER, OR I'LL NEVER KNOW PEACE! EVEN AS A SPIRIT, LET ME BE AT **YOUR** SIDE-- **FOREVER!**

YOU SACRIFICED YOUR ALL FOR ME, DARLING-- AND I'LL MAKE SURE WE NEVER PART! DON'T FEAR HER-- **COME!**

I'LL BE WITH YOU, MY DEAR-- ALWAYS-- BRINGING YOU WORD OF THE WORLD BEYOND LIFE-- HELPING YOU IN YOUR BATTLE AGAINST THE EVIL SPIRITS OF THE SUPERNATURAL!

WE'VE-- **FAILED!** NOW HE'S GOT A **SPIRIT** TO GUIDE HIM AND KEEP HIM FROM HARM-- AND WE'LL **NEVER** BE ABLE TO TRICK HIM AGAIN! HE'LL DESTROY US YET.. I FEEL IT..

LATER..

-AT LAST I CAN STUDY THE 13TH BOOK OF NECROMANCY-- AND TELL THE WORLD THE TERRIBLE TRUTHS OF THE SUPERNATURAL, PUTTING PEOPLE EVERYWHERE ON THEIR GUARD AGAINST SUCH FIENDS AS THE **WITCH OF ENDOR!**

BUT FIRST-- LET'S TELL THE WORLD **OUR** STORY-- AND LET **ME** BE YOUR **GHOST WRITER!**

THIS IS THE MOST INTRIGUING YARN I'VE EVER READ, GARY! I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S TRUE OR NOT, BUT I'M GOING TO PRINT IT-- **AND LET THE READERS JUDGE FOR THEMSELVES!**

GOOD! AND THERE'LL BE EVEN **MORE** FASCINATING STORIES COMING FROM MY GHOST WRITER AND ME IN THE FUTURE!

EDITORIAL OFFICES

ADVENTURES into the UNKNOWN

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

OUT OF THE NIGHT

DON'T MISS THOSE STORIES, READER-- YOU'LL FIND THEM ONLY IN **AMERICAN COMICS GROUP MAGAZINES!** **WATCH FOR THEM!**

THE END

The VAMPIRE MASTER

ELLEN G.

IT WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A JOURNEY UP THE RIVER, OR SO IT SEEMED... BUT IN ONE AGONIZING MOMENT, THE REVOLTING HORROR STRUCK! A MONSTROUS ASSAULT THAT COMBINED THE UNHOLY TERROR OF THE LIVING DEAD AND THE THIRSTING EVIL OF... THE VAMPIRE MASTER!

LATE ONE AFTERNOON, A SMALL STEAMER RIDES ITS ANCHOR IN A TINY RIVER PORT IN SOUTH EASTERN MALAYSIA...

TAKE A LOOK DOWN AT THE DOCK, ELLEN! THAT MAN TALKING WITH YOUR FATHER-- I'VE GOT A HUNCH WE'LL BE BOOKING A PASSENGER!

YOU COULDN'T BE MORE RIGHT, STEVE! HIS NAME IS **VAN HORN** -- AND HE'S OFFERED DAD A VERY ATTRACTIVE PROPOSITION!

WE'RE COMING ABOARD, MR. CRANE! MAKE READY TO SAIL WITHIN THE HOUR!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

ELLEN G.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AS THE SHIP CHUGS ITS WAY UPSTREAM...

OUR PASSENGER DOESN'T SEEM TO BE THE CHATTY TYPE, CAPTAIN! LOCKED HIMSELF IN HIS CABIN THE MINUTE HE CAME ABOARD!

SO WHAT? HIS MONEY TALKS FOR HIM, AND OUR FRIEND VAN HORN HAS ***PLENTY!*** HE'S PROMISED ME A GOOD CARGO WHEN WE GET TO HIS PLANTATION-- AND HE PAID IN ADVANCE!

NOW GET THIS, STEVE! WE'LL BE PASSING BELANG ANY MINUTE! WE'RE TO TAKE THE LEFT FORK AND PROCEED UP THE TRIBUTARY ABOUT 15 MILES-- THAT SHOULD BRING US TO VAN HORN'S PLACE!

THAT COULD BE ***RUGGED!*** THAT TRIBUTARY IS SELDOM TRAVELED, AND WE MAY FIND OURSELVES WITH A NAVIGATION PROBLEM!

ELLEN G

MASTER STEVE SPEAK TRUTH, CAPTAIN! FORK IN RIVER VERY BAD PLACE! FILLED WITH EVIL-- MUCH DANGER!

LISTEN, RASU-- IF YOU'RE GOING TO COME UP WITH ANY MORE OF THAT SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE OF YOURS---

ELLEN G

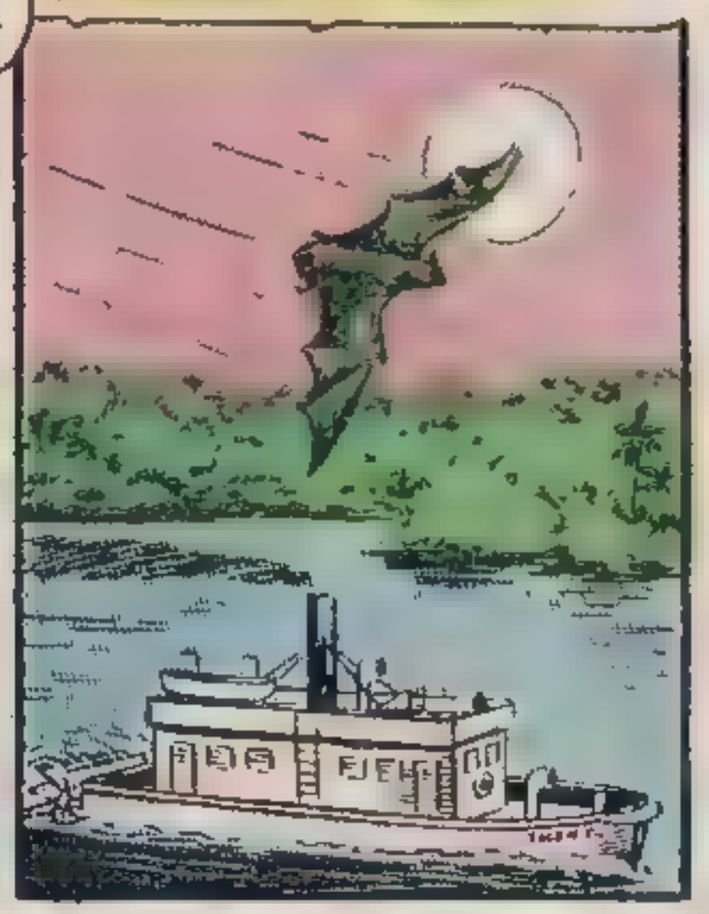
DO NOT GO! DO AS RASU SAY-- OR WE ALL ***DIE!***

THAT'LL BE ENOUGH, RASU! NOW TAKE OVER THE WHEEL AND REMEMBER, NO NONSENSE!

I DON'T KNOW, STEVE! GIVING HIM THE WHEEL IN ***HIS*** STATE OF MIND COULD BE ***RISKY!***

IF ANYTHING, IT SHOULD STEADY HIS NERVES! RIGHT NOW WE'D BETTER GET BELOW AND TAKE A FEW SOUNDINGS-- WE'LL BE BREACHING THAT FORK ANY MINUTE!

NOT LONG AFTERWARDS, AS THE STEAMER TURNS UP THE NARROW TRIBUTARY, THE SILENT AIR IS DISTURBED BY THE SWIFT FLAPPING OF OMINOUS WINGS!



THEN... A SURGE OF EVIL MENACE!

AIIII!

THUD!

STEVE! THAT NOISE!

IT CAME FROM THE BRIDGE! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG! COME ON!

GOOD LORD, IT'S.. GET BACK, ELLEN! GET BACK!

OH, NO!

THERE IS NO ESCAPE, YOU FOOLS! YOU SEE ME NOW FOR WHAT I AM .. BUT YOU SHALL NEVER LEAVE MY DOMAIN ALIVE!

IT'S VAN HORN-- A CURSED VAMPIRE! H HE TRICKED ME!

NOT ALTOGETHER, CAPTAIN! I PROMISED A CARGO, AND A CARGO THERE SHALL BE .. THE LIKES OF WHICH YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN!

MY CARGO, CAPTAIN GREYSON! THE LIVING DEAD!

ZOMBIES! ELLEN, CAPTAIN.. OVER THE SIDE! DON'T ARGUE.. JUST DO AS I SAY!

I CAN'T LEAVE YOU TO THEM, DARLING! I WON'T!

FOR THE LOVE OF PETE, ELLEN.. DON'T ARGUE! I'LL SOON BE OUT OF BULLETS! IF YOU LOVE ME.. JUMP!

BANG!

BANG!

OKAY, CREEP! TRY SINKING YOUR TEETH INTO THIS!

YEOWW!

YIHAM!

HE'S NOTHING BUT A PUNY MAN-- TEAR HIM TO PIECES! DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!

POW!

AS THE GRUESOME HORDE SWARMS IN FOR THE KILL, STEVE MAKES A SPLIT-SECOND LEAP!

MINUTES LATER--

THAT WAS THE LONGEST (GASP) UNDERWATER SWIM I EVER MADE! HOPE I TRICKED THEM INTO THINKING I DIDN'T MAKE IT! NOW TO GET TO SHORE AND FIND ELLEN AND HER FATHER!

THAT'S CAPTAIN GREYSON-- BUT WHERE'S ELLEN? SHE'S GONE!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SIR? WHAT HAPPENED?

DON'T-- WORRY ABOUT ME, STEVE-- IT'S ELLEN! SHE-- MADE SHORE AHEAD OF ME... THEN TWO OF THOSE ZOMBIES GRABBED HER... DRAGGED HER INTO THE JUNGLE! I TRIED TO GET TO HER... COULDN'T SWIM FAST ENOUGH!

AND HERE COME THOSE CREEPS NOW-- HEADED THIS WAY! WE CAN'T STAY HERE, SIR-- DO YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE COVER IN THE REEDS?

I'M OKAY NOW, STEVE! LET'S GO!

WHEN THE GRISLY HORDE REACHES THE BANK...

THEY'RE GOING BACK INTO THE JUNGLE, AND I'M POSITIVE THEIR TRAIL WILL LEAD US TO ELLEN! I'M GOING AFTER THEM, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING **YOU'LL** HAVE TO DO!

ANYTHING YOU SAY!

AS SOON AS THEY'RE GONE, TAKE ONE OF THEIR RAFTS AND HEAD BACK TO THE SHIP! GET UP STEAM-- OUR LIVES MAY DEPEND ON HOW FAST WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE!

I'LL DO MY PART! ***GOOD LUCK, STEVE!***

THE TRAIL LEADS TO A JUNGLE CLEARING, WHERE...

YOUR STRUGGLES WILL DO YOU NO GOOD! YOU ARE IN MY DOMAIN AND BEYOND HELP! THE OTHER TWO ARE DEAD-- THEIR BODIES LIE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER!

IT ISN'T TRUE! IT ***ISN'T!***

IT ***IS*** TRUE, BUT SOON YOUR DESPAIR WILL PASS! I AM PREPARED TO BESTOW A RARE PRIVILEGE ON YOU! AS YOU'VE OBSERVED, MY DISCIPLES ARE MERELY ZOMBIES-- DULL-WITTED, SPIRITLESS SLAVES! BUT ***YOU*** SHALL BE ***DIFFERENT!*** YOU SHALL BECOME A ***VAMPIRE***-- LIKE ***ME!***

TOGETHER WE SHALL RULE!

N-NO! I'LL ***DIE*** FIRST!

I THINK NOT-- IN TIME YOU WILL NOT FIND IT SO OBJECTIONABLE! OUR ZOMBIE SLAVES WILL PROVIDE US WITH VICTIMS AS THEY HAVE PROVIDED ME IN THE PAST! THAT IS WHY I PLANNED SO CAREFULLY IN STEALING YOUR FATHER'S SHIP!

BECAUSE THERE ARE NO LONGER VICTIMS TO BE HAD IN THIS PART OF THE JUNGLE! BUT YOUR FATHER'S SHIP WILL TRANSPORT US TO A NEW AREA AND FRESH VICTIMS! HIS BOAT WILL DRAW NO SUSPICION WHEN WE STEAM INTO A NEW PORT! THE REST WILL BE SIMPLE!

WHY, YOU FIEND? ***WHY?***

I WON'T BE PART OF IT! I ***WON'T!***

NEARBY, IN HIDING...

THEY'RE TAKING HER BACK TO THE RIVER! I CAN'T RISK SHOWING MY HAND NOW-- MY BEST BET IS TO TRAIL THEM BACK AND LOOK FOR MY CHANCE!

SOON THE VAMPIRE MASTER AND HIS PACK REACH THE RIVER BANK...

IN A LITTLE WHILE WE SHALL HAVE A **VAMPIRE QUEEN!** YOU WILL REMAIN HERE TILL I GIVE THE SIGAL-- THEN YOU WILL JOIN US ABOARD THE BOAT!

WE OBEY, MASTER!

AS THE VAMPIRE'S RAFT DARTS FORWARD, KEEN EYES PEER OUT FROM BEHIND A CLUMP OF REEDS!

HERE THEY COME.. AND THERE'S ONLY ONE CREEP AND VAN HORN ABOARD! MAYBE I'VE GOT A CHANCE.. ANYWAY, HERE GOES FOR A **GOOD TRY!**

STEVE! STEVE!

WHA--?

THAT'S ALL FOR **YOU,** STOOGE!

YEOWW!

WHAK!

NOW TO SETTLE WITH YOUR **BOSS!**

THIS TIME YOU WON'T **ESCAPE ME!**

NOW YOU **DIE!**

NOT ME, YOU MONSTER--

.. BUT **YOU!**

ARRGHHH!

HE'S..**DEAD,** STEVE! YOU DESTROYED THE FIEND!

THANKS TO THAT **WOODEN POLE!** I ONCE READ SOMEWHERE THAT A WOODEN STAKE THROUGH A VAMPIRE'S HEART IS THE ONLY WAY OF KILLING HIM FOR GOOD! AND THANK GOSH IT **WORKED!**

SUDDENLY...

STEVE! VAN HORN'S ZOMBIE SLAVES.. **THEY'RE COMING AFTER US!**

HOLY SMOKE, I'D CLEAN FORGOTTEN ABOUT **THEM!** WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE SHIP **PRONTO!**

MINUTES LATER...

I'VE GOT UP A FULL HEAD OF STEAM, STEVE! WE'RE READY TO SHOVE OFF!

NICE GOING! AND I'VE GOT A SUREFIRE IDEA OF HOW TO GET RID OF THOSE CREEPS **PERMANENTLY!**

DON'T ASK ME ANY QUESTIONS-- JUST OPEN THE PETCOCKS ON THE GASOLINE STORAGE TANKS! **HURRY-- THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME!**

ON THE DOUBLE!

AS THE FUEL VALVES ARE OPENED, A HEAVY SLICK SPREADS ACROSS THE STREAM... UNWITTINGLY, THE ZOMBIE HORDE RIDES INTO IT...

NOW STAND BACK, ELLEN!

YAAGHHH!

AIIEEE!

WHOOSH!

LATER... HOMEWARD BOUND...

YOU'VE CERTAINLY PROVEN YOURSELF, STEVE! FROM NOW ON YOU'RE NO LONGER MY CHIEF MATE, BUT A **FULL PARTNER!** WHAT DO YOU SAY?

THAT'S GREAT, SIR--ONLY I'LL BE **MORE** THAN JUST A PARTNER! I'LL BE YOUR **SON-IN-LAW,** TOO!

THE END

You Can WIN
This 15" tall SILVER TROPHY JUST AS I DID IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY!

I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

Which of these **2 ME'S is YOU ?**

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT. SPINDLE-ARMED **SISSY** below WAS ME A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE YOUR LAST CHANCE TO GET FOR ALL 5 PICTURE PACKED COURSES MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR $1 AND MORE 10¢

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. As you can see in my "Before" Photo I looked like a child... years younger than my age. I was ashamed to take a picture in bathing trunks as I do now. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch NEW YORK

ROGER HIRSCH was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING. Look at him **NOW**— A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN from Head to Toe

as YOU can be soon!

Roger Hirsch before

NO! friend you don't have to be **SKINNY** any more just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did. Soon **YOU** can add 6½ inches to your **CHEST** 3 inches to each **ARM** and the rest in proportion just as I did.

FREE

Come on, PAL, NOW YOU GIVE ME 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN

GEORGE F. JOWETT "Champion of Champions" 4 times Winner Perfect Man Contest

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent.

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ Roger Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail coupon NOW!

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR FREE OFFER!

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2. MUSCLE METER

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230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

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BUY NOW at our Low Low PRICES!

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- Gun moves and Bangs.
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Fascinate the youngsters with hours of fun and action. Imagine—every car WORKS in the line of duty! 1 car with washing windshield wiper, 2 cars with windows that open and close, 1 police car with gun that bangs and recoils, 1 ambulance with ringing and swaying bell, 2 taxis with meters that register fare, 1 fire chief car with bell that rings and sways. All 8 cars made of durable steel . . . rubber wheels cannot come out . . . bottoms completely enclosed . . . all new Two-tone and metallic finish . . . all differently colored. SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D., you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

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Terrific Value! Only $2.98 Complete

A wonderful new doll in washable rubber Wonderskin whose hair is so lifelike it can be waved in any style and rewaved just like your own. A perfect playmate for the "Junior Mother" of the house. Complete with real Hair-wave kit which consists of . . . plastic curlers . . . rubber waving bands . . . waving end papers . . . plastic comb . . . and bottle of hair wave lotion. Ginger is 11 inches tall. Her soft cuddly body which can be bathed will give the "Junior Miss" an almost real baby sister to play with.

- HE'S OVER 19" TALL!
- MOVES HIS MOUTH,
- ARMS AND LEGS!

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Hey kids — here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist - in a jiffy! Imagine — you can make HAPPY the COWBOY actually talk! (in your own voice, of course.) Pull the string in the back of his head —watch his lips move— hear your own words coming right out of HAPPY'S mouth! See how real he looks-rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plaid shirt and western pants. . . .Show off your skill at parties —at school! SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

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